

E. Mathews
Eyota,
Minn.

64
36

284
192

2304

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1664
4160

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396

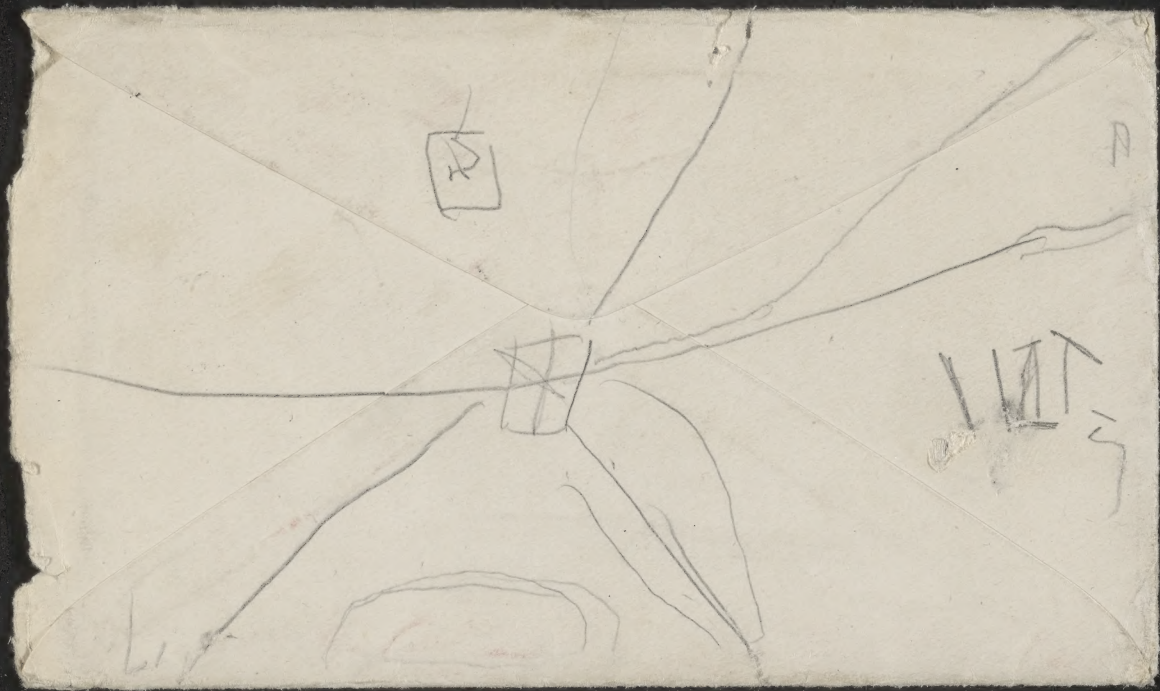
4320



Mrs. Henry P. Swendson,
Spokane,

Wash.

S. 817 Lincoln Place.

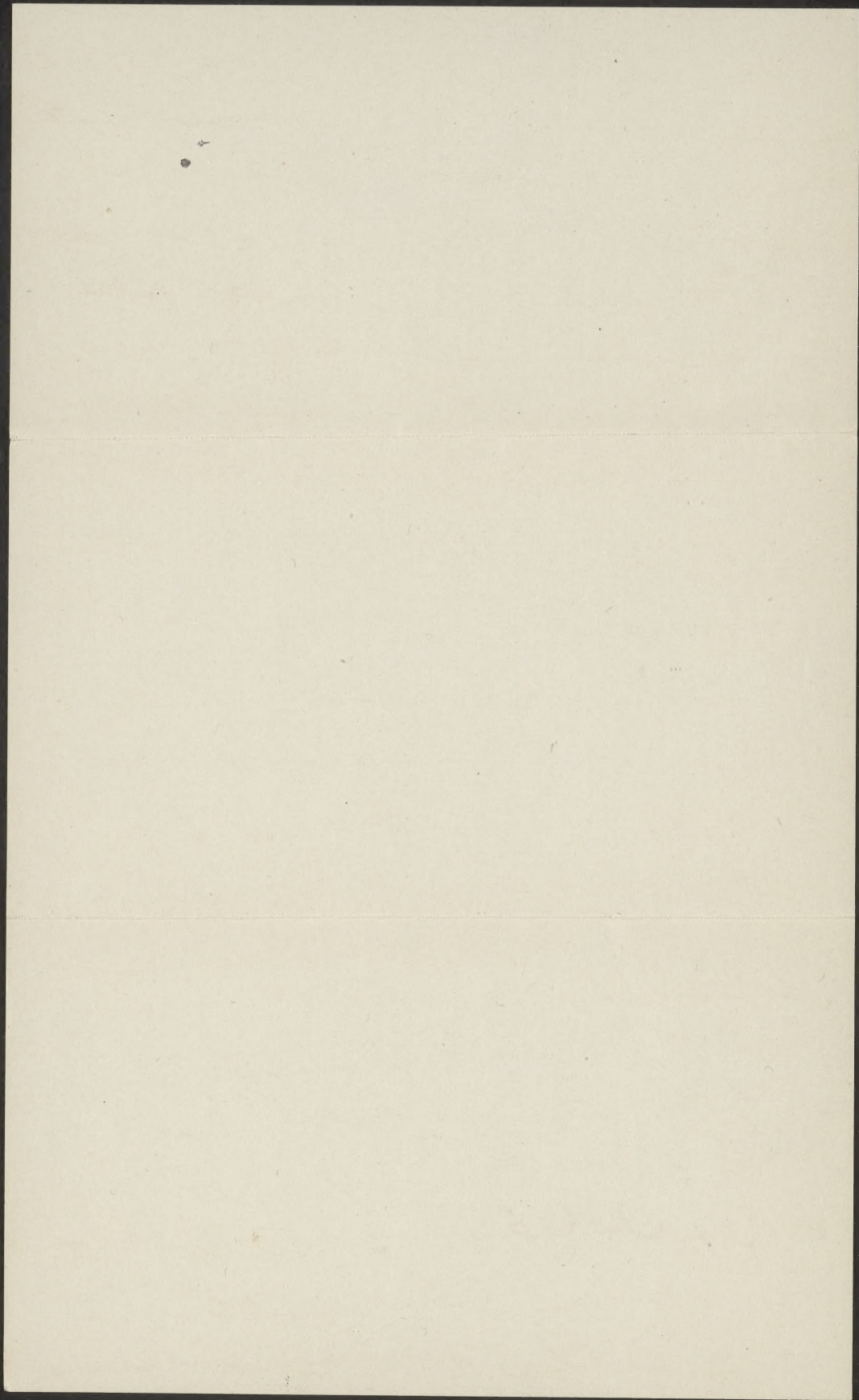


Eyota, Minn.

Dear Mrs. Swenson:

I know it is simply unforgivable in me not to have answered your letter, but one-half the time ~~indolence~~ prevailed over inclination, + the other half - I didn't have time. So forgive!

Before I go any farther I must explain why I write a little worse than usual. I have a sore thumb + it is hard to hold the pen. Mama said not to write until it healed, but I couldn't wait a bit longer, for next week school begins, + then I would have no time "at all, at all".



I suppose you have had
a delightful summer out
there. When you last
wrote to Mamma, Lois was
quite ill. I do hope she
is quite well again.

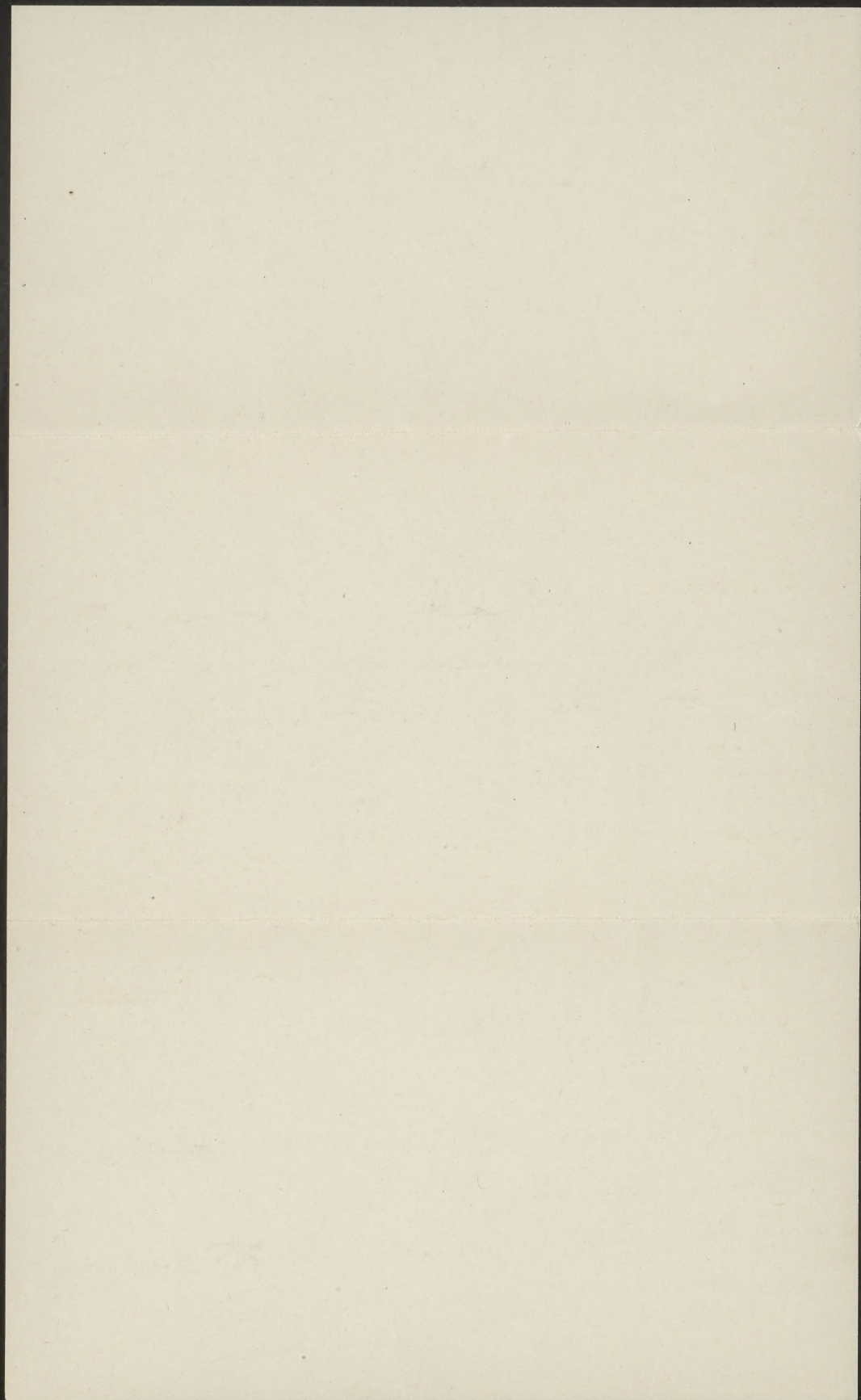
Every time I think of you,
I just long to see you both.

Is Lois dark? I hope she
looks just like you tho.

We been farming it all
summer. We raised a big
flock of chickens & 7
little calves. I drove
the hay-mower one
whole day when they
hadnt enough men, &
had to get the hay in.

So now I am husky
& freckled. I did lots
of other things too.

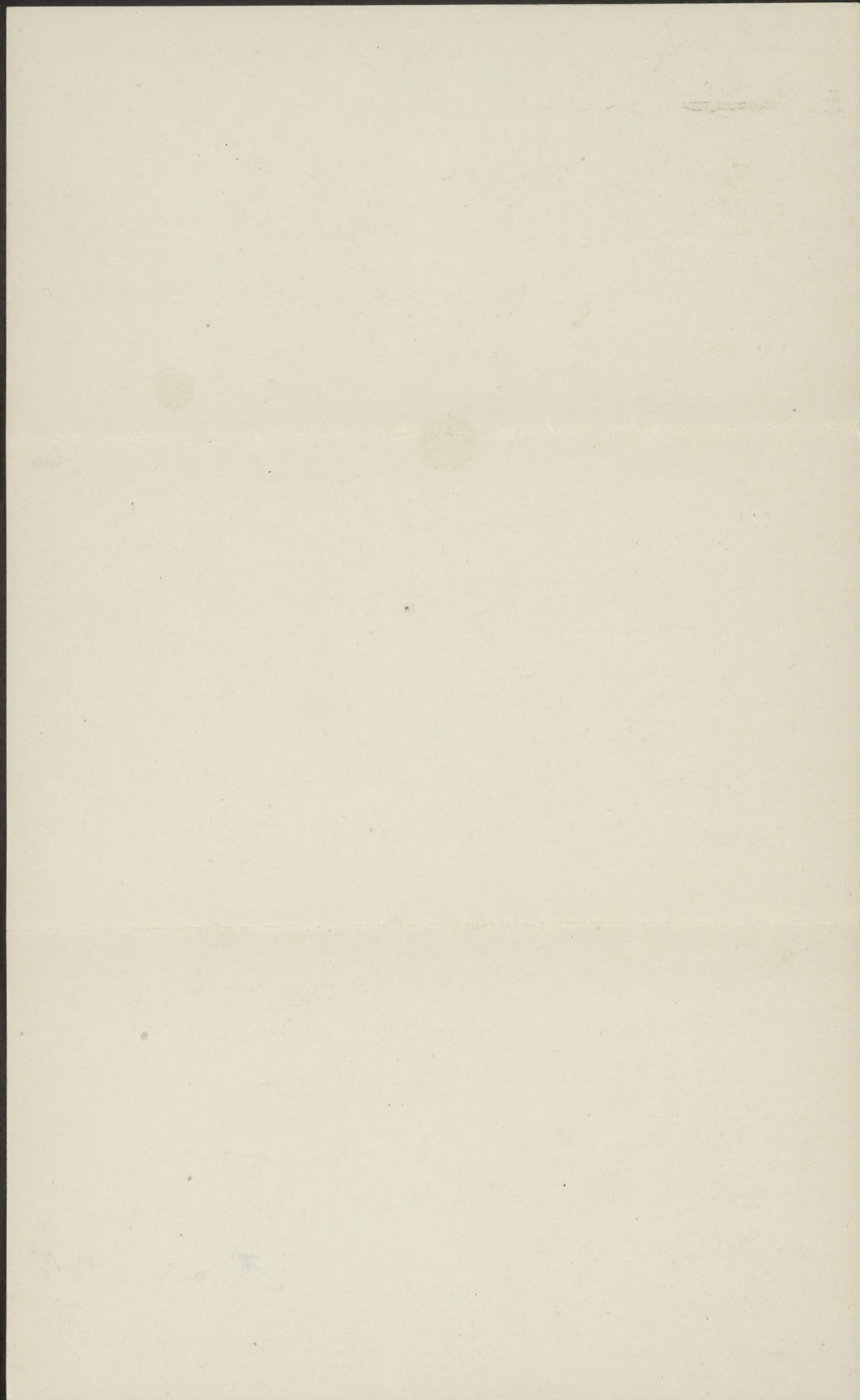
I practiced my music



and started to write
the "best-selling book
of the 20th century,
by the great author
Elizabeth Brennan
Mathews" (you know
I'm given up being a
doctor, because I hate
to be routed out of bed
at the small hours to
drive 10 miles in a snow-
storm to a patient).

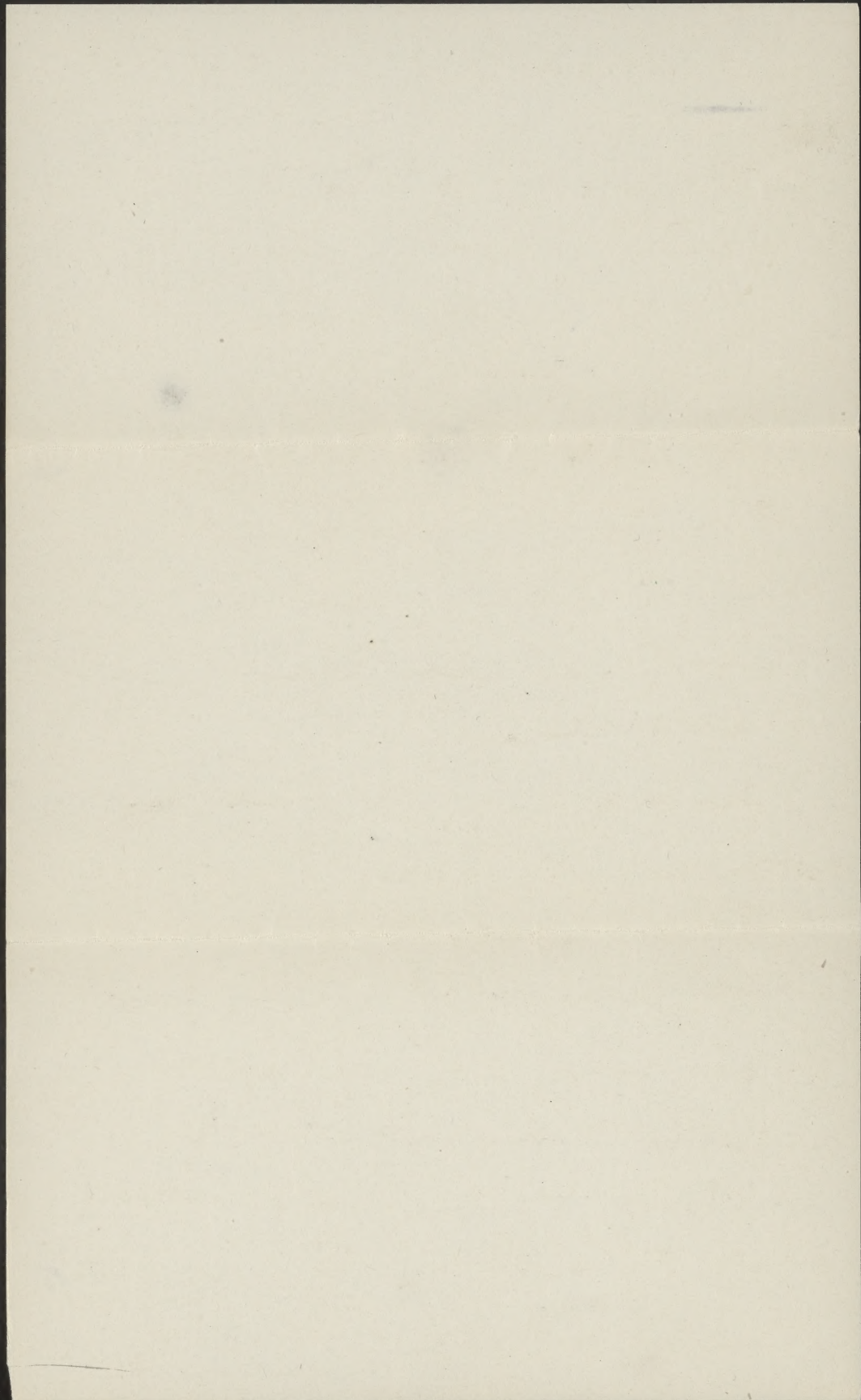
But tho' my story is
all out in my head,
my fingers were too tired
to write it out on paper.
So my tale is still a
dream.

and then I'm ridden
horseback & we have one
grand old cow that ~~that~~ conde-
scends to have me on her
back when the horses are
all working.



But of course I never dare
to ~~hide~~ ride her where
I can be seen by the
scandalized natives. They
are very proper, around here,
& am quite a tom-boy
in their eyes. ^{and these}
I go to dancing ^{for a big} parties, and ^{little one for}
have a dandy time. You see,
I have a double advantage,
I am invited to all my
friends' parties & picnics in
Rochester, & then I can go
to all the "doings" in the
country too - all the Fourth
of July celebrations etc.

Schools begin a week from
today & I don't want to
go at all. But after I
get started I know I
will delight in study
as usual.
Oh! I just made those blots
now, & I am so provoked!



But I really can't write
the page over on account
of this naughty thumb.
mama is very busy,
getting ^{me} ready for school,
making vests & fixing
my shirt. we haven't
got a thing preserved
except apples, for berries
& fruit of all kinds were
so scarce.

Please write me as
soon as you can.
mama sends her love &
says she will write soon.

Papa says he sends his
regards in a cigar box,
whatever he means. So half
love to all of you, but
acres and acres of it to
you - Elizabeth Matheson

